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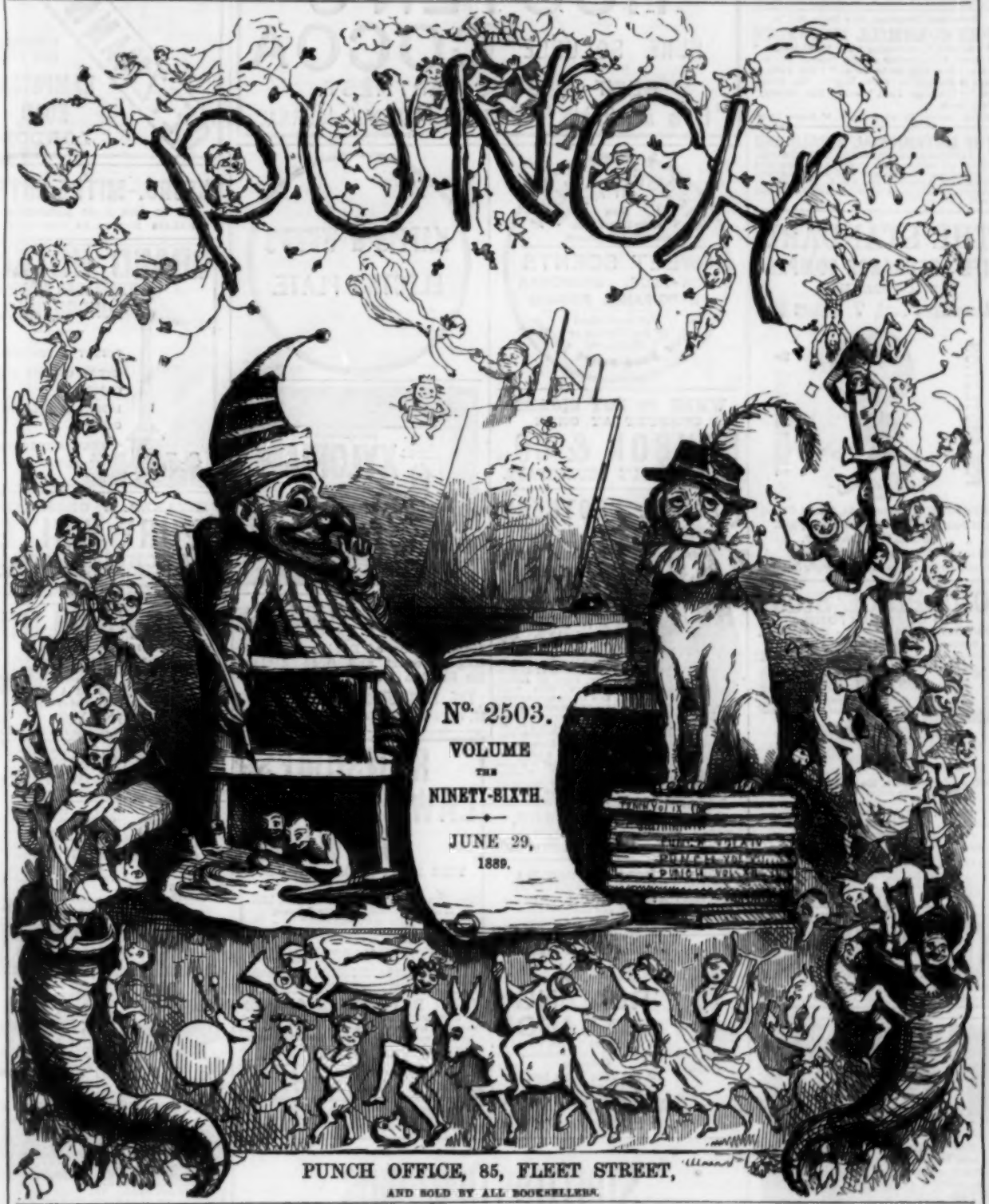

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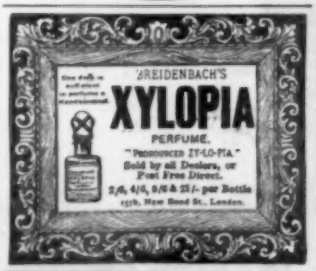

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Mellor's Sauce

IS DELICIOUS

House of Commons, Monday, June 17.—Anticipation of quiet time after holiday abruptly broken in upon. Something less than a hundred Members present, when at Half-past Three SPEAKER called on Questions. OLD MORALITY in his place, looking round with nervous smile; CHAPLIN looming large in corner seat below Gangway.

"Sat here and hereabouts, boy and man, for twenty years," he said, breathing gently on his eye-glass, and meditatively polishing it with cambric handkerchief. "What wisdom I have distilled! what eloquence flashed forth! what pointed irony! and what withering scorn! Twenty years a considerable slice out of an ordinary man's life. Not speaking of G. O. M., of course. Twenty years, more or less, nothing to him. On the whole, a pleasant time, profitably employed, not only for contemporaries, but for posterity. Now, changes imminent; new office created; corner seat will know my face no more; a Minister of Agriculture added to the ranks of British Statesmen, and the Treasury Bench gladdened by my presence. Must make the most of opportunities. Shall be pretty regular in attendance below Gangway till Board of Agriculture Bill passes."

CHAPLIN musing thus; OLD MORALITY viewing Opposition; SPEAKER looking down list of Questions; when swift rustling heard behind Chair, and lithesome figure presses forward. A cheer goes up from the Opposition side, and Grand Old Man, who everybody thought was at least no nearer home than Dorset, takes his seat.

"Ruddier than a cheery, too," said PLUNKET, watching him as he skipped along. "Don't wish him any harm, but really thought that after campaigning in the West through the holidays he'd be a little fagged; like to go home and rest; instead of which he seems fresher than ever."

"Yes," sighed ARTHUR BALFOUR; "to be eighty years young is sometimes more cheerful and hopeful than to be forty years old."

Presently pounced on OLD MORALITY, who had, without making a speech, moved Resolution to take over Tuesdays for public business. Hair literally bristled with indignation; voice shook with emotion. Was it possible that the Leader of the House, having such an opportunity to make a speech, should pass it by? OLD MORALITY, almost frightened out of his life, tremblingly explained, that he really *had* meant to speak, but had proposed to defer it till a later stage, when he might answer questions. G. O. M. only half mollified. OLD MORALITY hastily put in his statement.

Most Bills given up, including Sugar Convention. Great thing, ultimate aspiration of Ministers, was to wind up quickly and get off early for autumn holidays. House cheered this prospect. Adroit move; seemed to have carried everything before it: when SAGE of Queen Anne's Gate interposed, and with admirable gravity charged OLD MORALITY with systematically aggressive conduct; hoped there would be an improvement in this respect. OLD MORALITY, at first thought this was a joke, and smiled his genial smile. But no

responsive flicker of amusement on faces round him. All looked grave, sad, reproachful. Smile after few ghastly flickers, died off OLD MORALITY's face. Was it true? Could it be so, that he had shown himself aggressive, bullying the House, trampling on the rights of private Members, searing his colleagues with scathing glances? He bent his head in acknowledgment of the crime, resolved to fight against his besetting sin. *Business done.*—Supply.

Tuesday.—Miraculous effect of waving of OLD MORALITY's magic wand. His masterly speech of yesterday has overcome all opposition, smoothed away all acerbity, brought about a political Millennium.

"Talk about squeezing oil out of bladders on to the stormy seas," said Admiral FIELD, "it's nothing to our great Captain's operations. I'm an old Salt of many years pickle. Suppose I may say that I'm the best stage sailor in the House, more rollicking in my gait, more familiarly uncouth in my speech, and more generally a nuisance than any other retired Admiral. Feel I've a right to speak on this as on any other matter, and I will say that, for a regular storm-soother, a patent dead-calm producer, pipe all hands aloft and give me OLD MORALITY!"

The Admiral.

More point than usual in Admiral's remarks. House evidently made up its mind to wind up business, and get ready to make holiday with the SHAH. GRANDOLPH, who was to have smashed GEORGIE HAMILTON in Committee, salmon-fishing in the Champs Elysées; CHARLIE BERESFORD still aboard the lighthouse; even the austere spirit of SAGE of Queen Anne's Gate subdued. Votes put and passed without controversy; thousands piled on tens of thousands, and millions on millions. By Half-past Ten the last Vote for the year in Navy Estimates agreed to. Everyone makes believe it is in ordinary course of things; not even a cheer raised. Then Fleet retires; British Army assembles on the strand, and STANHOPE moves successive Votes. The Colonels prove as docile as the Admirals; Vote after Vote passed; only when midnight hour strikes, Committee pulled up, having done more work in a single sitting than accomplished in the whole of twenty-nine nights previously spent in Committee.

Business done.—Supply voted with both hands.

Thursday.—GEORGE CAMPBELL managed to give a fillip to Debate on Scotch Universities Bill. Didn't look as if anyone could do it; but GEORGE, taking counsel with Dr. CLARK, managed it. Debate been on for several hours. Scot succeeded Scot with regularity and despatch. English, Welsh, and Irish Members fled the scene. It was Home Rule realised; Scotch Parliament debating a Scotch measure. JOSEPH GILLIS, whose judicial engagements keep him in town, hovered around the back benches, casting benevolent regard upon the scene. Particularly enjoyed the bored look of the Clerks, and the lassitude against which SPEAKER bravely struggled. When five or six Members rose together, competing for precedence, JOSEPH's smile broadened, and his eye took on a deeper mist of tenderness as it fell upon the four or five who missed the chance and resumed seat with woebegone look. After a while the pleasure palled, and JOSEPH lightly withdrew, to return again at midnight and see that no one by accident got his Bill advanced a stage.

CAMPBELL and CLARK each had speech to make. Rose with great regularity when opening presented itself. SPEAKER didn't see them.

"Oh! very well!" said the KNIGHT of KIRCALDY, "the time will come when you *shall* hear me."

LYON PLAYFAIR, finding an opening, grew quite eloquent. "The lion rampant o' Scotland," said he, "has been standing on its hind legs, pawing the air." Curious to note how involuntarily the orator, extending his hands, imitated gesture of the nobler beast.

At midnight Professor STUART on his legs, "commenting with satisfaction on the clauses for affiliation with local institutions with the Universities." Only ten minutes left. OLD MORALITY sent for; hurriedly enters; planted himself on extreme edge of Bench, with hands on knees and eye on the clock; familiar attitude, ready to pounce. STUART, catching sight of him, brought remarks to sudden conclusion. Five minutes to twelve, and still time to divide. Then uprose KNIGHT of KIRCALDY and moved adjournment of Debate. Cry of despair from Ministerial Benches. OLD MORALITY's emotion pitiful to look on. Just missed his chance. If he moved that "the question be now put," "the question" would be, not that Bill be read a Second Time, but that Debate be now adjourned. Appealed to KNIGHT to withdraw. CLARK said "No." He and KNIGHT would die first. Question put, that Debate be now adjourned; the KNIGHT relented; did not challenge SPEAKER's decision that Noes had it. Therefore Debate might proceed. CLARK rose to continue it. Only two minutes to twelve. If he spoke for two minutes Debate necessarily stands adjourned. Critical moment. OLD MORALITY, trembling with excitement, rose to its height. Almost tumbling off edge of seat, he pounced. Closure was carried, with sixty seconds to spare, and, just on the stroke of Midnight, Bill read Second Time.

"These are mad moments," said OLD MORALITY, as he passed the LORD ADVOCATE's handkerchief over his moist and massive brow, "that make old men of us before our due time."

Business done.—Scotch University Bill read Second Time.

Friday Night.—Ireland once more burst in at Evening Sitting. Introduced by JOHN ELLIS. House went back to old topic like reformed drunkard breaking out again. Benches filled; eyes brightened; faces flushed; cheers and counter-cheers filled place. Grand Old Man looked in, spoiling for a fight. Up half-a-dozen times whilst SAUNDERSON speaking. But no chance for Old Parliamentary Hand. ARTHUR BALFOUR driven into last half hour of sitting; JOHN MORLEY crushed out altogether; CLANCY delivered tremendous oration; SAUNDERSON lashed out in fine form. Then WIND-BAG SEXTON took the floor, and all was lost. Stretched himself and his speech over Half-past Twelve. *Business done.*—More Supply.

SOLDIERING AT ISLINGTON.

THREE more days of the Military Tournament! Charming sight at Merry Military Islington. Go and see the musical single-stick drill by the boys of the Royal Military Asylum, Chelsea. Not a single stick among them. What a good idea for rehearsing dull actors? The "Single-stick Drill" eh? The Prince of WALES's own Lancers—Dancers are as good as ever, and their musical ride is one of the prettiest sights of the Show. So for the Gallant Heavies on their magnificent chargers. The musical dumb-bell Sailor Boys Drill is a fine sight. How the exercise opens their sea-chests! And then to see them marching home gaily sucking oranges! "The Tug of War," is exciting. This is a part of the entertainment calculated to attract all Etonians, and I wonder your friend Mr. DUMB CRAMBO hasn't drawn a youthful Eton Colleger squaring up at an Oppidan to illustrate "The 'Tug' of War."

The Grand Finale of laying down a river, starting a couple of banks—quite secure, and offering facilities for military investment—of making a bridge in less than five minutes, of bivouacking, of firing, fighting, killing, wounding, mending, marring, storming and

"The Camels are coming! On quick! On slow!"

capturing the fort, is admirably done. This portion of the show, with the additional novelty of a specimen of the Camel Corps, is all under the command of Colonel ONSLOW, the Inspector of Military Gymnasia, who has done so much to give an impulse to useful and entertaining work. Then, when the battle is over, to see them pack up, demolish the bridge, pull up the river (without any boat! quite a marvel in itself), carry off the wounded, and ride and drive away as blithe as thrushes in the early morn, sends all the spectators away contented, except such as choose to stop for the lemon-slicing and ring-sticking for prizes. Perhaps ere this appears the German Dogs of War will be on view. In speed they excel bicyclists and horses, and are trained to fetch and carry despatches. Retrievers capable of retrieving the ill fortunes of war. *Ah, que j'aime les Militaires!* And long life to Major MARCUS TULLIUS, the courteous and obliging *Cicerone.*

THE ANGEL OF ISLINGTON.

"SPEED THE PLOUGH!"

"MODUS OPERANDI."

(*The Covent Garden Government and Her Majesty's Opposition.*)

Monday, June 17.—Covent Garden devoted to the Home Department in *Lohengrin*. Scotland and Ireland represented by the O'BARTON MCGUCKIN, and the Colonies generally by Madame ALBANI, the "Tenor from the Emerald Isle" playing with just the least touch of vinegar in the title *rôle*. The O'BARTON makes *Lohengrin* a much sharper Knight than the gentleman usually represented by M. JEAN DE RESZKE. As he sings in Italian, those who do not understand that delightful language, and are too mean to purchase "a book of the words," can imagine that he is saying "just thread on the tail of me coat," in Act I. Madame ALBANI as delightful as ever, and the real trees introduced in the "exteriors" flourishing. No Opposition to speak of (or to listen to) at Her Majesty's.

Tuesday.—Mlle. TONI SCHLÄGER, promised for last week, makes her first appearance under the banner of DRURIOLANUS in *Valentine*. The young lady scores a success, although only a daring wag would declare that her name should not be abbreviated, as there AN TONI like her. *Mise-en-scène* excellent, and real trees from Epping Forest, in spite of their late hours' work, as fresh as Epping butter. Her Majesty's Opposition, determined to have one good night of something really novel, produces the *Trovatore*. *Manrico*, represented by Mr. WARMUTH. In Music Hall slang, "WARMUTH is a 'hot' 'un." He beginneth coolly, but Warmuth to his work.

Thursday.—Mr. HARRIS's Government supports the second reading of Italian Opera in French. *Roméo et Juliette* Bill cut up into several Acts. M. MONTARIOL as good-natured as ever. Last week this talented person sang the music of a minor character "to oblige the management;" now he is announced to have "kindly consented to play *Tybalt*, although not a leading part, in order to assist in making a perfect *ensemble*." DE RESZKÉ FRÈRES engaged in the like endeavour. Same pleasant task undertaken by M. SEGUIN, and that perfect Duke, Signor CASTELMARY. Madame MELBA-MELBOURNE also doing her best to carry out a similar object. Last and not least, real trees from Epping Forest kindly lending their valuable services by appearing in the Garden Scene, thus obliging the management, and assisting in making a perfect *ensemble*. House crowded with an audience at once discriminating and enthusiastic. *Her Majesty's Opposition*.—Low-price Policy Bill brought in.

MON SHAH, CHAR-MANT.

SIR,—Now that the SHAH is on his road to our shores, it has occurred to some one to remember the condition in which Buckingham Palace was left after his last visit. To say the least, the recollection is not a pleasant one, and can scarcely afford gratification to Lord SALISBURY, the Duke of NORFOLK, and the other obliging and patriotic persons who have been so good as to promise to "look after" his barbaric Majesty from "a Saturday to a Monday." It is, perhaps, not too late even now to make some slight alteration in the programme which would at once protect the Royal property, and sensibly increase the comfort of the swarthy Sovereign and his eccentric suite. To assist the Authorities (if they are willing to adopt this idea), I beg to suggest the following time-table:—

10 A.M. Grand reception of the SHAH and suite in the grounds of Buckingham Palace.

11 A.M. State practical joke of upsetting His Majesty and suite into the ornamental water.

12 NOON. Great drying competition in the sun on the top of an artificial hill, in which His Majesty and Court will be invited to take part.

1 P.M. State visit of inspection of the SHAH, attended by his Grand Vizier, to the coal-cellars of Buckingham Palace.

2 P.M. Royal banquet. Specially prepared luxuries for the SHAH and suite, served in an empty wine vault.

3 P.M. Prize-fight in a retired part of the pleasure-grounds, at which the Persian visitors will assist in honour of His Majesty.

4 P.M. Siesta (in the loose-boxes of the Royal stables) of the SHAH and Persian Court.

5 P.M. "Five o'clock bones" served in the same place.

6 P.M. Visit to Spanish Exhibition, where the Wild West Enclosure will be reserved as a retiring-room for the Persian visitors.

7 P.M. Fireworks and a Bull-fight, subject to the consent of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

8 P.M. "Row-how-whack," or State Quarrel, in which members of the Persian Court will take part.

9 P.M. The SHAH, escorted by a squadron of Horse Guards (Blue), will be conveyed to his State Apartments in the Zoological Gardens.

10 P.M. His Majesty will take dinner in the presence of the British Public.

They say His Majesty has much improved since he was last here, so this change of programme may not be so necessary as at present it appears to yours, "SWEET LAVENDER."

ARISTOCRACIES OF THE PAST AND FUTURE.

Scene—*An Island in British Oceana.* Time—1989.

His Highness the Grand Duke of Gerolstein. "Ach! Miss Prown—in your löfly bresence I forget my Zixty-four Kvarterings. I lay my Ditle at your Veet. Bitte! become ze Crant Tochess of Gerolstein!"

Miss Brown. "Your Highness also forgets that *I* have Sixty-four Quarterings!"

His Highness. "Ach! *How* is dat, Miss Prown?"

Miss Brown. "Why, my Father and Mother, my four Grandparents my eight Great-Grandparents, my sixteen Great-Great-Grandparents, and my thirty-two Great-Great-Great-Grandparents, were all certified over Six Foot Six Inches, perfect in Form and Feature, and with Health and Minds and Manners to match, or they would not have been allowed to Marry. And though I 'm the Shortest and Plainest Girl in the Colony, I should never be allowed to Marry anyone so very much beneath myself as your Highness!"

TAKING IT EASY.

HENLEY, 1889.

S-l-sb-ry (*in stern-sheets*) *sings:*—

Really, William Henry, this *is* placid.
Dizzy's "holy calm" was hardly in it.
In his smile there lurked a sneer sub-acid,
But *this* calm grows calmer every minute.
Pouf! The breeze will hardly fill the sheet.
Just a brisker puff would be more bracing.
Henley time; but nothing that we meet
Speaks of racing.

"Greenlands," Smith, is really most delightful;
Quite a jolly place for the Regatta.
Here we can forget the shindy frightful
Of the friends and foes of restless Pat. Ah!
Gladstone has a funny way of spending
Holidays. He Cornwall stumps, and Devon.
Purgatory sure is speech unending;
This is heaven!

With the wind, and with a stream that's flowing,
(Gladstone fancies that's *his* sole possession),
This, indeed, is pleasant, easy going.
Look ahead, Smith! What is your impression?

Far as *I* can see, the way before us
Is as clear as are the skies above us.
Whilst our friends ashore, in cheery chorus,
Swear they love us.

Where are now the boats that blocked our course?
Where the tow-path imps that howl and scamper?
On we waft, with wind of gentle force,
With a flowing sheet and a full hamper.
Soughing winds soft whisper through the trees,
By our boat the wavelets lap and bubble,
All is happiness and hopeful ease,
Void of trouble.

The preliminary heats are done,
All portends an unopposed "walk over."
Don't you feel, Smith, that this life is fun?
Don't you own, my lad, that we're in clover?
Don't you think this calm, of menace void,
Free of all the row the Rads were hoping for,
This sweet time of joyance unalloyed,
Was worth stopping for?

The Noble Game of Cricket.—An opposite to "Base Ball."

A LAUREATE'S PROTEST.

Uttered on reading an account of a recent Auction Sale.

Behold, they will dare anything!
They 'll sell my friendship by the yard,
And count the bargain none too hard,
Provided it but profit bring!

So runs my say! But what are they?
Mere wretched hucksters, making light
Of authorship's unchallenged right!
Their one idea—to make it pay!

Nice Dog That.—Last Saturday the *Daily Telegraph*, giving an account of a burglary at Wanstead, told how plucky young Mr. Denman let loose the dog and entered the dining-room, where two burglars were at work. One of them bolted. Mr. Denman went for the other, calling upon the dog to seize him. But the dog quietly turned tail and "trotted out of the room." We present this wonderful instance of sagacity to the *Spectator*. The reason for the dog's movements will probably be best explained in one Latin word, which gives at once the question and answer; *i.e.*, "Cur?"

PARIS WELCOMING MR. PUNCH.

(Allegorical Cartoon.)

MR. PUNCH IN PARIS.

Communication from the French President.

"*Il faut absolument faire quelque chose,*" wrote M. le Président Carnot to the Universal President Punch, "*ou la grève va tout gâter, et l'Exposition ratera. Notre bon* M. de Bl-w-te *n'est pour rien dans cette crise, et ce cher* C-mpb-ll-Cl-rke, '*de la plus grande circulation du monde,*' *a naturellement son équipage à lui, par conséquent cette grève ne l'incommode en aucune façon,—au contraire, il n'en circule que plus grandement dans les rues désencombrées de fiacres. Et moi,—hélas!—est-ce que ma présidence va se signaler par un fiasco, comme celle de mon prédécesseur* Grève-y?"

"I must stop this," said *Mr. Punch*, Universal President of Art, Science, Letters, and, raising his silver ink-horn to his lips, he sent forth one circular note, clear and distinct. In obedient response to the summons, fourteen Cabinet Councillors stood round the Presidential Chair.

"Ten of you will accompany me to Paris," said *Mr. Punch*, "Toby, M.P., has Parliamentary duties to attend to." *Toby* howled piteously.

"Cheer up, Toby," whispered The Great Unapproachable Cartoonist, "you are out of it, but so, unfortunately, am I. Yet you shall be in my allegorical Cartoon, representing the triumphal entry of *Mr. Punch* into the French capital."

At Victoria.

The Regiment of Guards was drawn up, and all the veterans of the Line (L. C. & D.) were in gala uniform, awaiting the arrival of *Mr. Punch*, who was accompanied by Mr. Briefless, Q.C. of Grub Court, The Private Orator. The Treasurer, Mr. Cartoon Junior, The Marquis d'Ampstead, The Philosophic Bard, The Lightning Impressionist, The Reciter, and The Genial One. The Chairman and Directors walked in procession to the State Saloon Carriage; and Mr. William Forbes, of the L. C. & D. Foreign Office, to whom the perfection of all the arrangements is due, overcome with emotion, fainted in the arms of Mister Chief Station-Superintendent Matthews, as amid the joyous peals of bells and the letting off of the Royal steam-whistle-salute, the train slowly left the platform, *Mr. Punch* waving his *adieux* to the enthusiastic crowd.

EXCITEMENT AT DOVER.

Weather lovely. On board the New *Calais-Douvres Mr. Punch* was received by all the L. C. & D. officials in full uniform, and shown into the State Cabin. Here a Deputation of the Ladies of England presented an Address and a magnificent bouquet. Then the Private Orator returned thanks in a speech which would have been ever memorable as one of the finest efforts in the English language, had not *Mr. Punch*, to whom punctuality is of the essence of politeness, ordered the *clôture* bell to be sounded, when the Deputation withdrew as quickly as possible, and the Orator was taken below.

THE SCENE AT CALAIS.

Here the enthusiasm was indescribable. All along the quays, the jetties, and everywhere about the harbour, the crowd was drinking a "*Punch d'honneur.*" Captain BLOMFIELD, of the L. C. & D. Navy, presented the courteous *Chêf-de-gare*, the principal officials, and the French representative of ROBERT the Waiter, who in turn presented the luncheon, on its arrival.

assembled, when *Mr. Punch*, unwilling to detain the train, expressed his wish to proceed.

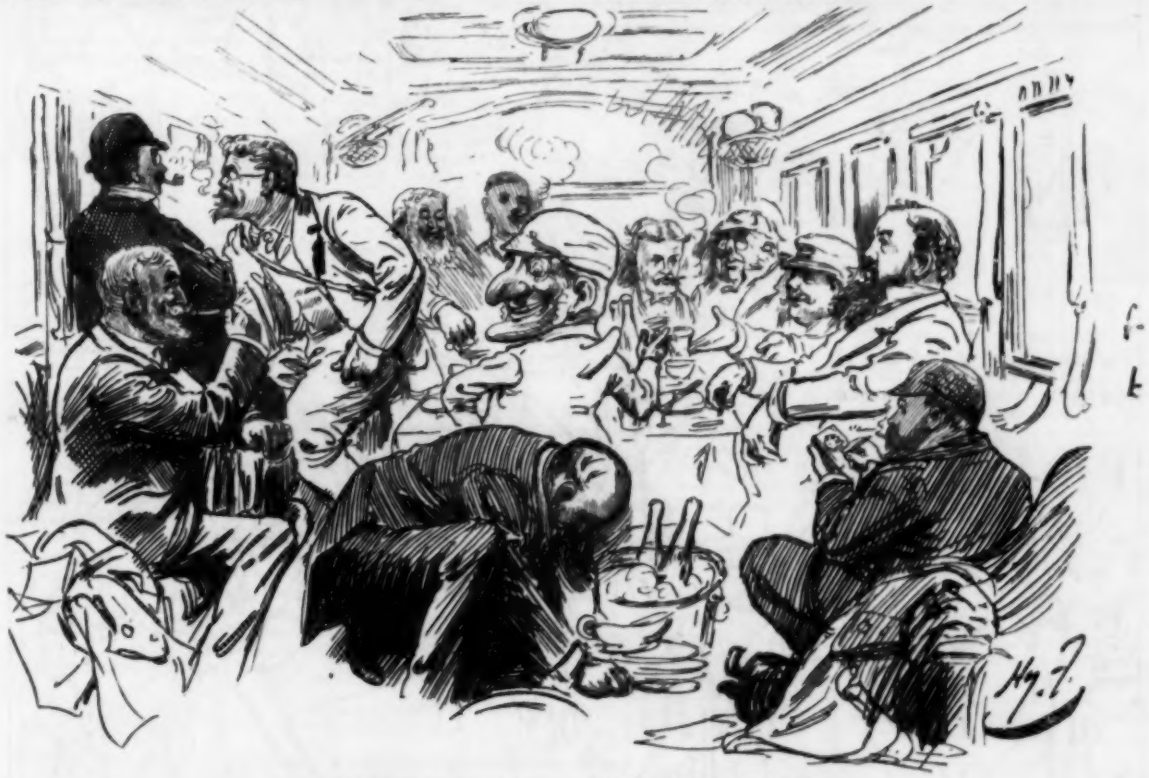
"But, Sir," protested the Private Orator, "my address"—— "Is on your luggage," said *Mr. Punch*, benignly; "it will be taken as read."

REJOICINGS IN PARIS! LA FIN DE LA GRÈVE!

Mr. President PUNCH's progress had been one long triumph all along the line. His entry into Paris was an event the like of which, for simple and touching grandeur, has not been seen within the memory of man. The *Cochers*, all out to a man, beamed with joy, cracked their whips and sides with laughing. *Largesse* and *pourboires* everywhere.

THE GRAND HOTEL.

Here The Baron BLUM, and all the Chiefs of the Service, with band and chorus, received *Mr. Punch* in the courtyard. After a short speech from the Private Orator, *Mr. Punch* was conducted to the State Apartments, specially reserved for him and five of his *suite*. The remainder were taken to



EN ROUTE. MR. PUNCH AT LUNCH.

TOUCHING CEREMONY.

It was here that TOBY, M.P., wearing his collar, for it was a "Collar Day," most reluctantly took leave of his kind master and the luncheon, which he eyed wistfully.

"Sorry we cannot take you with us, *Toby*," said *Mr. Punch*, "but you must stay at home and mind 'The House.' You can have some chicken and a little *Beaune* at the Buffet. Your barque is on the sea. Love to all at Westminster. *Au revoir!*"

EN ROUTE.

"Better a luncheon *ong root*, and contentment therewith," began the Marquis D'AMPSTEAD, forgetful for the moment of the presence of the President, who at once, raising his glass, drank to "absent friends." ROBERT le Français did wonders with an apparently inexhaustible basket. It was an entertainment equal to anything of another ROBERT'S—ROBERT HOUDIN—only infinitely more substantial.

RECEPTION AT AMIENS.

When ROBERT with his trick-basket descended from the train, *Mr. Punch* presented him with a gold medal commemorative of the occasion. The chief officials were in waiting, the Private Orator had already placed himself in an attitude near the bookstall, in front of which an enthusiastic and respectful crowd had

THE CONTINENTAL HOTEL,

Where the Treasurer *dit* "The Pard," The Bard, The Lightning Impressionist, Mr. CARTOON JUNIOR, and The Young Substitute for the Unapproachable, were comfortably accommodated. The next morning the first meeting was held at

LA TOUR EIFFEL.

There was a discussion as to the correct pronunciation of this word. "*Mon ami*," said the President, taking off his hat to M. EIFFEL, and then looking up at the gigantic, but light and elegant, structure, "I pronounce it—MARVELLOUS!"

M. PUNCH VISITS M. FIGARO.

"We cannot do better than procure a *Guide-Bleu* for the Exposition," observed *Mr. Punch*, "published by my friend *Figaro*, who, as *Figaro* should be, is everywhere."

"*Ah, bravo Figaro, bravo bravissimo*," hummed *Mr. Punch* gaily, as, stepping out on the second platform of the Eiffel Tower, he made his way to the Pavillon du Figaro, "*à* 115 *mètres* 73 *centimètres de hauteur*,"—but there was not the slightest sign of *hauteur* about M. EMILE BERR, who, *très bien élevé* at that elevation, most courteously received the Illustrious Visitor, explained to him "*comment s'est faite l'Exposition*," showed him how *Figaro's*

printing machines worked, and gave him "*renseignments généraux*" of the most useful and comprehensive character.

After warmly shaking hands with M. EMILE BERR, and saluting the cheerful and polite compositors, *Mr. Punch* was conducted to the lift by M. EIFFEL, whom he sincerely congratulated on the success of his vast enterprise.

AT THE SUMMIT.

Subsequently, in company with the Great Originator, *Mr. Punch* spent over an hour on the topmost storey, whence is visible the most admirable panorama in the world, and in the Observatory he made this one observation—"*L'Exposition,—c'est La Tour Eiffel.*"

"Now, Sir," said Mr. BRIEFLESS, Q.C., of Grub Court, "it is already twenty minutes past breakfast-time,"—but not another word was requisite, and they descended by the lift

garden of the Tuileries. After a short rest, and an entire change of costume, *Mr. Punch* drove to

LE RENDEZVOUS DIPLOMATIQUE, AUX AMBASSADEURS.

Here, as might be expected, the table, *sur la terrasse*, was covered with "excellencies," while a crowd in the garden below from time to time acclaimed with rapture the entertainment, which lasted on "that lovely night in June" (Miss DAMIAN's health and song!) until 11 o'clock. It was nearly midnight when *Mr. Punch*, noticing that Mr. BRIEFLESS, Q.C., was speaking of a *Café Chantant* as a "shaffy kontong," thought it time to summon the *voitures*, and drive to the Café de la Paix, where he considered that a refreshing iced drink taken through straws, would revive the eminent Barrister. The last straw, however, broke the Barrister's back, and murmuring something about "legal business of importance requiring his instant

MR. PUNCH AT THE GRAND HOTEL.

AU RESTAURANT BRÉBANT,

where, out on the balcony, was served for him and his companions an excellent *déjeuner à la fourchette*, a light and airy repast, with plenty of moisture perfectly in keeping with the situation *in nubibus*.

"It is an eager and a nipping air," quoth MR. CARTOON JUNIOR, as he helped himself to a "*fine*."

"*Finis coronat opus*," said The Philosophic Bard, following CARTOON JUNIOR's example.

After cigars and coffee, the party descended to the *Beaux-Arts* Section, where awaited them an

ARTISTIC DEPUTATION,

headed by M. MAURICE BONVOISIN, to whom the *Journal Amusant* is the *Vrai Champ de "Mars,"* and M. POIRIÉ *dit* "Caran d'Ache," in whose work *Mr. Punch* has always been deeply interested. Accompanied by these Artists of Light and Leading, *Mr. Punch* visited the most interesting and entertaining shows of the Exhibition, as well as the cleverly executed *Panorama du Siècle* in the

attention," Mr. BRIEFLESS received permission to retire for the night. On the third evening, being waited upon by a deputation from the *Français* to be present at a performance of *L'Etrangère*, *Mr. Punch* expressed his genuine regret that such a visit was not included in his programme, as nothing would have given him greater pleasure than to visit

LA MAISON DE MOLIÈRE,

if he had not received a most hospitable invitation to be present at a special evening entertainment

CHEZ MOLIER,

which he admitted was a horse of quite another colour. Here, while the night was yet young, *Mr. Punch* enjoyed the humours of *Le Veau et le Paysagiste*, the fun of *Le Buste*, and the capital burlesque pantomime of BUFFALO BILL'S Show.

LE RETOUR D'ULYSSE.

Early on Wednesday morning Captain CHURCHWARD, L. C. & D., in full uniform, was in attendance, as were all the officials of the

Gare du Nord, with bands. A Parisian *Garçon-en-chef* was on guard in the Reserved Saloon, where, soon after 10·30, a sumptuous repast was served, and between Amiens and Calais many a toast was drunk to the lasting success of *L'Exposition*, which had been in temporary peril on account of the *grève des cochers*, now happily ended by the visit of the Universal President PUNCH, who had thus restored confidence to the international visitors, good humour to everybody, and if he had left General BOULANGER in London, it was to establish General Satisfaction in Paris.

FIGARO, BIEN ÉLEVÉ, WELCOMES MR. PUNCH ON THE TOUR EIFFEL.

THE DRAMA IN PARIS.—With the Exposition, and splendid weather, the Theatres in Paris ought to be having a bad time of it. Yet there are nineteen still open, including the Opera, two *cirques* and the Eden. *Belle Maman*, at the Gymnase, seems to be taking the cake,—a small one, perhaps; and the Manager of the Théatre Cluny has been bold enough to bring out a new Three-Act Vaudeville, *Miel à Quatre*, the motive of which seems to be founded upon that of *Le Parfum*. The piece may be a trifle risky, but it must be risky to bring out anything now to compete against such "great attractions," as are offered by the Exposition.

'ARRY AND 'IN PARRY.

Arry (who has overheard a Lady in a Victoria tell her Friend something about an "en tout cas"). I say what's she mean by that? *(suddenly struck by his own sharpness).* Oh, I twig! of course, "ong two car," that's the thing she's driving in. 'Ow simple, when you know the language a bit!

HOW TO "DO THE EXPOSITION."—Take a *fauteuil roulant* at 2.50 the hour, and be wheeled about everywhere. Said SANDY M'NAB, "In this way ye 'll do it varra wheel."

ANOTHER AND A SHORTER WAY OF "DOING" THE EXPOSITION.—Get in without paying. If you succeed, you will, perhaps have the additional pleasure of being invited to remain in France for some time, enjoying the hospitality of a truly liberal Government.

A FULL AND COMPLETE GUIDE TO THE EXHIBITION.

(Compiled in the Style of the French Newspapers.)

YOU wish to get there? Why not? First your ticket. Bought at the door—one franc! Purchased at the Grand Hotel, seventy-five centimes!! You may even obtain one just outside the entrance for *four sous!* But the one purchased at four *sous* may be a forgery! If it is, a *sergent de ville* will arrange matters with you, and probably give you a new experience!!!

* * *

And now you are in the great Exposition! Your first impression is, that the Government have annexed a large slice of Paris! You find that the "right of way" has disappeared from bridges, streets, and galleries. If such a thing were done in England, the papers would teem with indignant letters, addressed to the Editors. Do the Parisians complain? Not in the least—it is simply carrying out the idea of "*Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité*," at the nominal charge of one hundred centimes per person. Long live the Republic!

* * *

"*Vive la Liberté!*" ought to have been inscribed over the Section where "Liberty's Fabrics" are exhibited.

* * *

You pass under the canvas awning of an annexed bridge, leaving on your left the Palais Gastronomique, and the theatre of *Les Folies Parisiennes*, and on your right the Pavilions devoted to the glories of two sister governments, the Mexican and Argentine Republics, supported by a railway station. You can leave these objects (with the Trocadero at your back, full of casts of ancient sculpture) safely for inspection until you visit the Exposition for the 489th time; if you do not visit the Exposition as often—well it doesn't matter! And now you are at the *Tour*. It is certainly immense, and so are the crowds waiting to go up it! There are two ways of going up.

* * *

Plan Number One.—Wait an hour in the first crowd round the *bureau* for tickets up to the *second étage*. Wait two hours in like manner on the *second étage* for tickets for the *troisième étage*. Fight your way to a seat after each wait, feel "jumpy" (especially during the last ascent—*deuxième* to *troisième étage*) from first to last, get a view of Paris which might be equally well obtained from Mont Valerien, and—come down again!

* * *

Plan Number Two.—Get at once and without any difficulty a ticket at the *bureau* for the *premier étage*, and go up to a restaurant (that of Russia is the best) at an altitude of about the summit of St. Paul's. Stay an hour, or an hour and a half. Allow yourself five minutes for the view—the rest for refreshment. Come down again and see whether you can decide which was the sweeter—the air or the *champagne très sec!*

Having disposed of the Tour Eiffel as you imagine (it will be only in imagination, as you will find it in models and pictures, everywhere) you can turn your attention to other matters. Make for the *Beaux Arts*, and do the pictures. But, first admire the group of sculpture round the statue of CHANCY. And although Gastronomy is certainly a fine art (and consequently very properly, here you will find the chief restaurants inclusive of SAPIN's) do not forget the pictures. England represented by MILLAIS, LEIGHTON, SOLOMON, FILDES, WATTS, and gentlemen nearly equally illustrious.

* * *

General impression created by the picture-show.—"Seen nine-tenths of this before, and would not mind seeing a third of it again."

* * *

Pictures done, and there remain the *Galerie des Machines* and the *Groupes Divers*. Well, the last are like the usual things at Kensington, Vienna, Australia and America. International selection of leather, cotton, pottery, furniture, brass, wall-paper, clothes, jewellery, and clocks and watches. You may spend five minutes or (if the Exposition remains open long enough) five years in looking at the interesting display—if you are pressed for time, perhaps it would be wiser to limit yourself to five minutes!

* * *

Galerie des Machines!—Biggest room in the world, full of working machinery. Compared with the Jubilee collection at Manchester, objects superior in quantity but inferior in quality. Exit, and you will find at hand the Cairo Street and the bits of Old Paris, which would be startling in their novelty had not the same idea been worked out in the British Metropolis years and years before!

* * *

Grounds left—and right. Fountains—illuminated, and others—shrubbery. Make for the toy railway station to the left of the Tour Eiffel. You start. The little engine puffs, and bangs a gong. You rattle away, and your attention is drawn to a request, written on the walls, in English, French, Greek, Russian, Spanish, and Hebrew, to "respect the trees, and not to put head and arms out." You jerk along, just shaving a tunnel here, a road there, and some shrubs yonder, until you stop at the "Station Alimentation." *En route*, more shaves, another station, and you find yourself landed at the terminus of the Quai D'Orsay.

* * *

There are yet a few odds and ends. You will find them in front of the Hôtel des Invalides. Some concerts—which are not to be recommended, as they are unworthy of a country fair. French Colonies, Ministry of War, with guns, balloons, ambulances, tents, mineral waters, and a Panorama (to wind up) of *Tout Paris*. This last costs an extra franc, which may be cheerfully expended by a loyal Briton wishing to see how much imagination a French artist can display in painting the portrait of the Prince of WALES!

LASTING IMP

MR. PUNCH, *CHEZ LUI*, DREAMS OF I

4 IMPRESSIONS.

AMS OF HIS TRIP TO PARIS LAST WEEK.

'ARRY IN PARRY.

DEAR CHARLIE,—You 'll twig by the paper this comes from a Parry hotel;
It 's the great "Continongtal," my pippin', the pick of the proper and swell.
I 'm a doin' my Parry *on prance*, I can tell yer, dear boy, and no kid;
And an English *Milord* on the scoop carnt be equalled at blueing a quid.

Oh them spondulicks, CHARLIE, old pal, 'ow they 'andicaps dashers like hus!
Still I've spread myself out pooty sparkling, dear boy, and it might 'ave bin wus.
There 's a party I know lives in Parry, got pieces, and well in the swim,
And this pal 's put me up to a lot I should never 've seen but for him.

This 'ere *Grand Expersition*, dear boy, is a town in itself, and no kid.
If you 'd wandered about it for hours on the 'unt for a friend, as I did,
You 'd have thought 'twas as big as all Brompton, with Battersea Park, say, chucked in,
To do the thing proper all round would want weeks and a hatfull of tin.

There 's miles of it, CHARLIE, I tell ye. It covers the big *Chump der Ma*,
And stretches hout like a large Hoctopus 'eaven alone knows 'ow far.
I quite lost the run of it, swelp me, found Guide Books and Plans little use,
And the paths was that endless and gritty I wore out my best pair o' shoes.

Bazaar bizness, lots on it? Yus; but there 's larks in them bloomin' bazaars,
Some sights as would knock a mere juggins, and make even 'ARRY see stars.
Arab dancers, dear boy, dark-eyed donas in shawl-patterned togs on the twirl.
One on 'em a fair champion wriggler; I got reglar mashed on that girl.

Not *our* form of the mazy, my lad; she teetotummed about on her toes,
Whilst her mates drummed and scraped like JEMIMER. 'Twas one of the rummiest shows
A gal with her body all hinges aint my style of partner, exact,
But if dancing means wild wiggle-waggle, she did take the cake, that 's a fact.

The East must be 'ot and no herror! but podgy young minxes arf drest,
A-wobbling their 'ips to wild music seems nuts to the swells of the West.
Whether Tunis or Egypt perdooced 'em their ways wos not pooty or nice,
And for beauty a ice-gal from Peckham would lick 'em two times out of twice.

Then the Tower, dear boy! Ah, that Tower! I guess I've the gift o' the gab
But this 'ere is a case where description falls flat as a sole on a slab.
It 's a bloominger sky-scraping Topper; JACK's Beanstalk in iron! Oh my!
Good old Babel may take a back seat, for the Eiffel is boss of the sky.

Just fancy a big iron tortoise a-straddle in Trafalgar Square,
With a lighthouse of girders and rivets about arf a mile in the air
Aperch on its back; all Bank Holiday chucked into lifts and let loose,
To grub, swarm, and cackle, all over it! Fancy—but lor, wot 's the use?

Fancy chucks up the biz as too big for her. Paris jest now *is* the Tower.
The *Chump* may be like a bazaar, and the *Bor der Boolong* like a bower,
But to eat, drink, and smoke, on the Eiffel, and brag of the "stages" you've done,
Is the treat of the whole blooming Show, and the pick of the whole blooming fun.

To grub arf a mile in the air on a balcony 'ung in blue space,
With mankind like black beetles below, and the clouds nearly flicking yer face,
Gives yer storberries quite a fresh flaviour, and lends a new charm to yer smoke.
From the top of the Eiffel, old pal, all the world looks a jolly good joke.

When you go to a Show, my dear boy, and must travel about it by rail.
And take trips—say, from Tunis to Java, a cove's parts of speech seem to fail.
If I piled it on thick for a ream, I should still 'ave a lot left to pile,
So we'll jest leave new Babel a bit, and trot back to the city awhile.

I've done all the *Caffys* in turn, mate, and as to the tipples—well, there!
'Ardly know 'ow I worked through 'em, CHARLIE, and managed to keep on my hair.
Nasty syruppy mucks, many on 'em; the waiters are slippy and neat,
But I couldn't, somehow, make 'em see as they mixed all my lotions too sweet.

Here, Gassong! sez I—"*Vla Mossoo!*"—Now, *regarday*, sez I, "*mong onfong*,"
Donnay mor unq—er—squash—*par trow doo, ler*—er—last was like treacle gone wrong.
Didn't twig, but fell back upon "*Commong?*" the Frenchified form of our "Wot?."
I fell back on a "Bock," sort o' beer as is prime when it isn't too 'ot.

In fact, mate, I *Bocked* it tremenjus, for wosn't it sultry? Ah, just!
And the fust thing I picked up in Parry, dear boy, wos a thunderin' thust!
I 'ad Bocks on the Bullyvards, Bocks on the Tower, at all the rum shows,
In fact, CHARLIE, "*Hangcore ung Bock!*" wos my motter from starting to close.

Wot I like about Parry, dear boy, is the general *al frisky* all round.
(*Al frisky* means out in the open) wherever you sit there 's a sound
Of feet and *flakers* (that 's cabs), rustling leaves, chinking glasses, and song,
And I must say the slapuppest lark is to sup at a *Caffy Chantong*.

Our "Healtheries" game wasn't in it with—say the "*Ambassadors*." Ah!
Fancy pouching your prog on a terrace, with crack Comic Singers *lah-bah*;
Green leaves, pooty women, gay mashers. *Tam-tam! Patata!! Patapouf!!!*
Great Scott! I could go it for hages, if only I 'd more of the oof.

Then the *Caffy American*, CHARLIE! My eye and a bandbox, dear boy,
Talk of Lumps of Delight! It's all dazzle and yum-yum, a place to enjoy;
The *crame der lar crame* of the rosy and rorty, mate. Thanks to my friend,
I 'ad wot is ere called the *ongtray*; and him and me went it, no end.

Swell furniture, CHARLIE, soft swabs, and the air full of frolic and fizz; [well up to their biz.
Sleek waiters with regular-bilk footfalls, but snide, and
Like a helegant droring-room party, but rollicking, yus, and *song jane*, [tubs of champagne.
Which means free-and-easy, my pippin, swell dresses, and

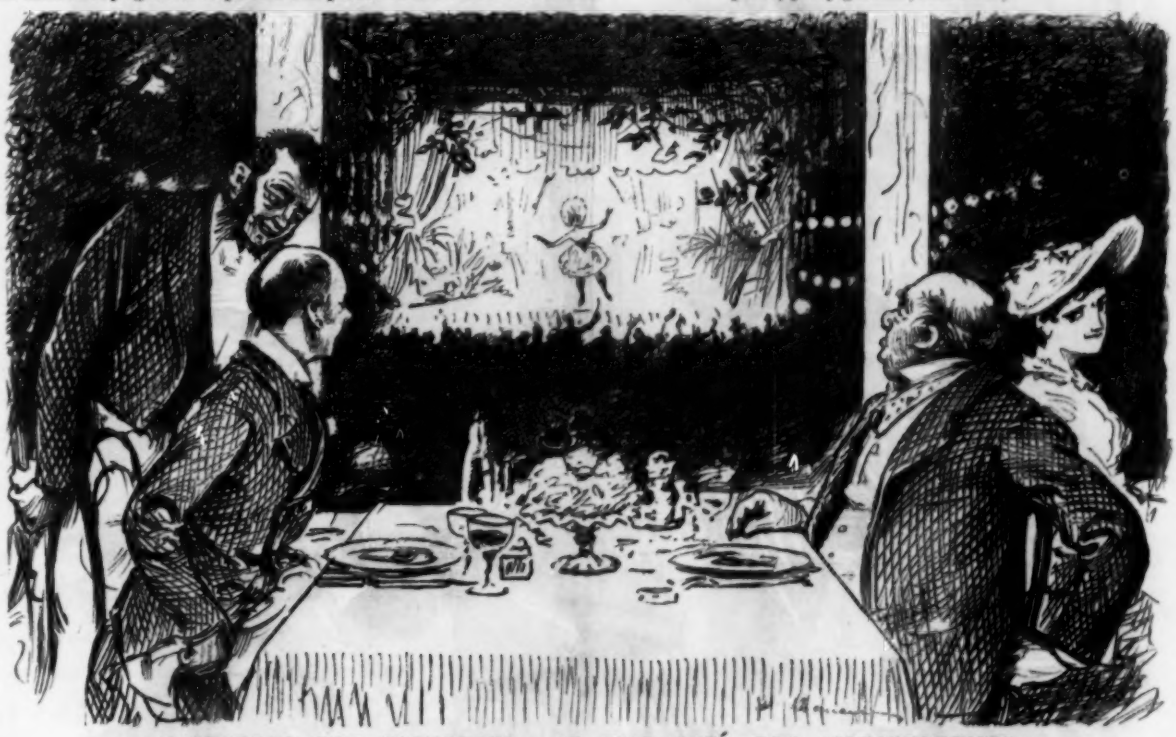
I wasn't quite fly to the patter, not always, French chaff may be prime,
But it flew a bit over my 'ed, and I felt in a fog arf the time.
Still, when one of the ladies, a sparkler, got quoting "Two Lovely Black Eyes,"
Wy, it put me at 'ome in a jiff, though I answered, "O, wot a Surprise!"

At night-time they squat at round tables of marble, mate, under green trees,
The Frenchies, men, women, and young 'uns, in parties of twos or of threes.
Buz-wuz goes the Bullyvard bustle, click-clack go the *Voytures*, and loud
Above leaf-rustle, glass-chink and chat sounds the tramp of the orderly crowd.

Spicy cards, snapping cigarette-cases, rum himages, all sold as free
As shirt-studs or sticks in Cheapside! There ain't no bloomin' fiddledeedee
Of mealy mock-modesty, CHARLIE, about the dashed Froggies, that 's flat,
As their funny *affichees* or posters will prove. But no more about that.

It 's the whole world packed into a field, spreadin' out by the side of the Seine,
A Babel of talk, with the Tower chucked in, travelled over by train,
Full of palaces, parks, and pavilions, bazaars, buffets, brasseries—Lor!
When I foxed the whole thing from the Eiffel, it struck even 'ARRY with hor.

The people swarm in in their 'underds of thousands, and yet there 's no squeeze,
'Cos the place seems like all out-of-doors, with its parks, pooty gardens, and trees;



L'EMBARRAS DES RICHESSES. AT THE CAFÉ DES AMBASSADEURS.

The Garsong (to Jones and Brown, from Clapham). "BUT YOUR DINNER, GENTLEMANS! HE GO TO MAKE 'IMSELF COLD, IF YOU EAT 'IM NOT!"

The Bullywards do me a treat, mate, and so they do BILLY BOLAIR.
You know BILLY; an old pal o'mine. Well, I tell yer, old man, I did stare
Wen a-settin one night in a Caffy a-doing my smoke and my wet,
I lifted my lamps and saw BILLY. We did a good chi-ike, you bet!

"Watcher, BILLY, old buster!" says I, "you in Parry, like all the *herleet?*
"Yus," sez BILLY, "*jee swee ay jee rest*," for a fortnit. This is a rum meet.
Wot 's yer pison, old pal?" I was on; and the way we two spread ourselves out,
And went in for more Bocks and loud barnies, astonished the Gassongs, no doubt.

Our true English manner of greeting, a dig in the ribs and a 'owl,
Seemed to kibosh the Frenchmen completely, and some on 'em did a fair scowl.
"Yah!" sez BILLY to me, *sotter vochy*,—though some seemed to twig; they 're dashed quick—
"Their hail when they meet is a smack on each cheek, 'ARRY." Made me quite sick!

Me and BILLY made quite a sensation along of our style and our togs,
They carnt do the heasy *daygajay* in check suits and rounders, them Frogs.
And my stror and striped flannels fair flummoxed 'em. Scissors! our style made 'em stare
More than all the Moors, Arabs and Chinamen found in that rum *Roo der Caire*.

BILL and me did that quarter completely. Rode races in queer Chinese cars
Drawn by lemon-skinned Johnnies in 'ats like hextinguishers. Made 'em see stars,
We did, at the caffays and sing-songs, a *gammon der Parry's* all there.
But when 'ARRY is well on the swivel he makes Cairo donkey-boys stare.

They are nice cups of tea, and no herror, fair cautions for patter and cheek.
Then—but, there, I can't tell yer a tenth of the larks if I yarn for a week.
It 's a reglar fust-class fair eye-opener; a Big Thing, dear boy, and no kid.
I *can't* patter or picture it out, and you couldn't catch on if I did.

Domes here, towers yonder, big *sals*, monstrous galleries theatres—yus
And enough grubbing places chucked in, mate, to feed 'arf a town without fuss.

If you get tired of padding the hoof, there are *fotooey roolongs* all round,
Like big pramberlators, dear boy, which blowsed coves shove along without sound.
I didn't quite cotton fust off, for I felt like a kid with his nuss,
But when you've bin hours on the trot you will find you might easy do wus.

I return, mate, tomorrer—wus luck! There 's enough to fill up all next week,
France has taken the bun with this Show, and her Tower is somethink uneek.
I may drop yer a line or two more, when I 'm back, about wonderful Parry,
But no more at present, dear boy, *except Vive lah bell France!* from Yours, 'ARRY.

RAPID ACTS.—Very rare are the instances of translating English pieces into French. Last week, however, a well-known English Dramatist was observed busily engaged in this operation. In less than three minutes he had transformed five English pieces into six French ones!! This took place at the *Caisse* of the Grand Hotel.

"GREAT ATTRACTION."—BIRDS OF ALL NATIONS FLYING TO LA TOUR EIFFEL.

1889.

FROM CALAIS TO PARIS. QUITE FIRST-CLASS.

"WHAT, GO YOU TOWARD THE TOWER?"

King Richard the Third, Act. III. Sc. 2.

THE Pharos of Egypt, the world's Seventh Wonder,
(If poets feign not and historians don't blunder)
Must take a back seat amongst marvels quite minor,
Since France pitted stable strong fact against fable,
And beat at a bound all the rivals of Babel,
Where men do not swarm up in lifts, smoke or dine, or
Crowd on to and into. That old liar, PINTO,
His credulous hearer would hardly dare hint to
Of such an imposing, colossal, Titanic,
Earth-striding, sky-climbing, huge mountain metallic,
Which schemed in the epoch of structures termed phallic
As something Satanic had raised a world-panic.
Lutetia's long-spined, wide-straddling, young giant
Though huge, to the canons of beauty is pliant,
What marvel it acts like a world-lighting beacon
And draws to its flare all the earth's birds of passage?
Curiosity draws both in clever and crass age,
Its hold on mankind wit and wisdom wont weaken.
See, see how they muster, and crush, crowd, and cluster!
With what wild wing-flappings, what bluster and fluster,
These birds which can scarcely be called "of a feather,"
So varied their plumage; but yet with wild rumpus
From every conceivable point of the compass,
With far flight convergent, they're flocking together,
With twitter and squeal, and with crow and with cackle,
With all shapes and colours of pinion and hackle,
Cocks, eagles, and owls, birds of paradise, pigeons,
Great condors and ospreys, and gulls, quite a lot of 'em,
Some vultures (he 'd help the great world who 'd get shot of 'em),
And bantams, and boobies, and wild-ducks and widgeons,
All species of creature that flutters on wings there,
The harpy that preys, and the warbler that sings there,
Come, drawn like the gulls to a lighthouse, with power.
And *Punch* owns that there is attraction, for Paris
Has managed to blend Vulcan swart with sweet Charis
For once in her Titan-like world-witching Tower.

VOCES POPULI.

AT A PARISIAN CAFÉ CHANTANT.

SCENE—*An open-air restaurant in the Champs-Elysées; the seats in the enclosure are rapidly filling; the diners in the gallery at the back have passed the salad stage, and are now free to take a more or less torpid interest in the Entertainment below. Enter* Two Britons, *who make their way to a couple of vacant chairs close to the orchestra.*

First Briton. "*Entrée libre,*" you see; nothing to pay! Cheaper than your precious Exhibition, eh? [*Chuckles knowingly.*

Second Briton (*who would rather have stayed at the Exhibition, but doesn't like to say so.*) Don't quite see how they expect the thing to pay if they don't charge anything, though.

First B. Oh, they make *their* profit out of the dinners up in the gallery there.

Second B. (*appreciating the justice of this arrangement, having dined with his companion elsewhere*). Well, that's fair enough. [*Feels an increased respect for the Entertainment.*

First B. Must get their money back somehow, you know. Capital seats for hearing, these. Now, we'll just take a cup of coffee, and a quiet cigar, while we listen to the singing—*you'll* enjoy this, *I* know!

[*With the air of a man who knows the whole thing by heart; the Waiter brings two tumblers of black coffee, for which he demands the sum of six francs; lively indignation of the* Two Britons, *who denounce the charge as a swindle, and take some time to recover sufficient equanimity to attend to what is going on on the Stage.*

Female Artiste (*sings refrain*)—

"Pour notre Exposition,
Il faut nous faire imposition!" &c., &c.

Second B. (*who not being at home in the language, rather resents his companion's laughter.*) What's that she's saying?

First B. (*who laughed because he knew there was a joke about the Exhibition.*) Eh?—oh! I'll tell you afterwards.

[*Hopes his friend will have forgotten all about it by that time.*

Second B. (*pertinaciously, as the Singer kisses her hand, and rushes precipitately off stage*). Well, what was all *that* about?

MR. PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.

M. EIFFEL.

"OUR ARTIST'S LATEST TOUR DE FORCE."

First B. (*who, upon reflection, finds that he hasn't the faintest idea*). Oh, nothing very much—more the *manner*, you know, than anything else—it's the *men* who have all the really funny songs.

[*A Male Artiste appears, bowing and kicking up his left leg behind: the* First Briton *bends forward with an anxious frown, determined to let nothing escape him this time. Fortunately, as* M. CHARLEMAGNE, *the Comic Singer, possesses a powerful voice, the* First Briton *is able to follow most of the words, from which, although they reach his ear in a somewhat perverted form, he contrives to extract intense amusement. This is how the Chanson reaches him.*

Seul boulevard silent
vous arrête:
Quand monde a tout
départ d'amas,

[*He can't quite make out this last word.*

Repondez vitement—
[*Something he doesn't catch.*
Le fou l'eau sitôt vous
crie "un rat!"

[*Here he whispers to his friend that "That last line was rather neat."*

Refrain (*to which* M. CHARLEMAGNE *dances a gavotte with his hat thrust into the small of his back*).

Il n'a pas départ
Dinard.

[*This makes the* First Briton — *who once spent a week at Dinard—laugh immoderately.*

Ne Pa, ne Ma!
C'était pas tant, mais sais comm ça—
Il n'a pas départ Dinard,
Il non a pas certain-y-mal là!

First Briton (*to Second Ditto*). *Very* funny, isn't he?

Second B. (*who—less fortunate than his friend—has not caught a single word*). Um—can't say I see much in it myself.

First B. (*compassionately*). Can't you? Oh, you'll get into the way of it presently.

Second B. But what's the joke of all that about "Pa"?

First B. (*who has been honestly under the impression that he did see a point somewhere*). Why, he says he's an orphan—hasn't any Pa nor Ma.

Second B. (*captiously*). Well, there's nothing so very funny in *that!*

First B. (*giving up the point on consideration, as* M. CHARLEMAGNE *skips off*). Oh, it's all nonsense, of course; these fellows only come on to fill up the time till PÔLUSSE sings (*feels rather proud of having caught the right pronunciation*). PÔLUSSE is the only one really worth listening to.

Second B. (*watching two Niggers in a Knockabout Entertainment*). I can follow *these* chaps better. [*Complacently.*

One of the Niggers to the other. "Ha—GEORGE WASHINGTON, Sar! I'll warm you fur dat ar conduck!")

First B. (*in a superior manner*). Oh, yes; you soon get into the accent.

[*Later*—M. CHARLEMAGNE *has re-appeared, and sung a song about changing his apartments, with spoken passages of a pronouncedly Parisian character.*

First B. (*who little suspects what he has been roaring with laughter at.*) That fellow really *is* amusing. I must take NELLIE to hear him some night before we go back.

Second B. (*dubiously*). But aren't some of the songs—for a girl of her age—eh?

First B. My dear fellow, not a bit! I give you my word I haven't heard a single line yet that was in the least offensive—not a single line!—*Any*body might go! Look here—it's PÔLUSSE next; now you listen—*he'll* make you laugh!

[*The great* M. PAULUS *appears and sings several "Chansons" in a confidentially lugubrious tone, and with his forefingers thrust into his waistcoat pockets. Curiously enough, our* First Briton *is less successful in following* M. PAULUS, *than he was with the Artistes who preceded him—but this is entirely owing to the big drum and cymbals, which will keep coming in and putting him out—something in this manner:—*

M. Paulus. Et quand j'rentr', ce n'est pour rien—
Ma belle me dit; "mon pauv' bonhomme,
Tu n'a pas l'air de"—(*The cymbals:* brim-brin-brien!)
Ell' m' flanqu' des giffl's—(*The drum:* pom-pom-pom-pom!)

Refrain (*which both Britons understood*).

"Sur le bi—sur le bô; sur le bô, de bi, de bô.
Sur le bô—sur le bi; sur le bi, de bô, de bi!" &c., &c., &c.

First Briton (*after twenty minutes of this sort of thing*). That's the end, I suppose. They've let down the curtain. *Capital*, wasn't he? I could listen to him all night!

Second B. (*as they pass out*). So could I—delightful! Don't know when I've enjoyed anything so much. The other people don't seem to be moving, though. (*Consults programme.*) There's another Part after this. PAULUS is singing again. I suppose you'll stay?

First B. Well—it's rather late, isn't it?

Second B. (*much relieved*). Yes. Not worth while going back now (*with a yawn*). We must come here again.

First B. (*making a mental resolution to return no more*). Oh, we must; nothing like it on our side of the Channel, y' know.

Second B. (*with secret gratitude*). No, we can't do it. (*Walk back to their hotel in a state of great mental exhaustion, and finish the evening with a bock on the Boulevards.*)

TAKING IT EASY. HENLEY, 1889.

Salisbury. "A FAIR WIND, A FLOWING STREAM, A FULL HAMPER, AND NOTHING IN THE WAY—THAT I CAN SEE. JOLLY—AIN'T IT!"

ADDENDA Paper for the L. C. C., 49
Aldermanic Diary (A), 81
All-a-Blowing! 235
All in Play, 88, 113
All Round my Hat, 17
Anglers to the Front! 4
Another Staggerer for Robert, 52
Answers to Correspondents, 36, 39, 51, &c.
A-Ranting we will Go, 198
"Arcades Ambo—Blackguards both," 134
Aries and Taurus, 202
"Arming the Knight," 286
'Arry in Parry, 320
'Arry on Chivalry, 177
'Arry on the Ice, 85
Art and Letters, 109, 183
Attention! 17
At the Academy Banquet, 217
At the Lyceum, 39
BACK Again, 145
Ballad of Betrothal (A), 57
Ballad of Salad (A), 267
Ballads of To-day, 86, 101
Beasts, the Birds, and the Bat, 171
Belgravia v. Bohemia, 119
Bethnal Green Grievance (A), 215
Betters bad Gamblers, 70
Between the Cup and the Lip, 256
Bewildered Butler (The), 150
Big Guns and Little Ones, 85
Bizzy-Bodies of Berlin (The), 23
Blissful Ignorance, 307
Bloom of London (County) Pride (The), 49
Blow it, Boreas, blow it! 114
Bo-peep in the Peers, 112
Bravo, Potter! 261
Bricks and Mortarfication, 244
British Volunteers (The), 70
Brother Jonathan's Brotherhood, 54
Burglary Talk, 46
Burgle Song (The), 37
"Bus"-ing on the Cheap, 107
Butt and Butter, 66
CASTLE in Spain at West Kensington (A), 283
Chaunt of the Chancellor (The), 201
Check to the King, 75
Chess So! 93
Children's Fancy Dress Ball at the Manshun House (The), 221
Christmas on View in 1988, 9
Coming County Councillors, 248
Concerning a recent Engineering Feat, 183
Consolation, 202
County-Councildom, 161, 172, 232, &c.
County-Council Dream (A), 58
(County Council) Paradise and the (Liberal) Peri (The), 265
Crop v. Crop, 136
DAY-DREAM, or Nightmare? 185
Diary of a Nobody (The), 24, 41, 60, &c.
Difficulty Solved (A), 262
Dignitary on Dancing (A), 87
Dog's Tale (A), 129
Down on the Fog Demon, 299
Down South, 94
Drama in America (The), 29
"Dream of Fair Women" (A), 204
Dreams for the New Year, 5
Drill and Drollery, 13
Drinking, 191
Druriolanus Triumphans, 5
Due South, 107, 112, 124, &c.
"Dust ho!" 125
"Dux Fœmina Facti," 145
EASTER Holiday (An), 186
Echoes of the Street, 141
Electrifying! 169
Elephant and the Eel (The), 146
Empress's Massager (An), 250
"En Bon Prince," 269
English Society as She is Seen, 24
Epicure's Expostulation (An), 39
Epigrammatic, 265
Essence of Parliament, 95, 103, 119, &c.
"Evening Out" (An), 17
Exhibition Match (An), 206
Extracts from Lambeth Letter-Book, 40
Extremes Meet, 205
FACT or Fancy? 155
Fair Comment, 186
Father Damien, 241
Fat of the Land (The), 147
First-rate, 265
First Witness (The) 198
"Flourish of Trumpets!" (A), 90
Flowers vice Feathers, 222
"Follow the Flag!" 13
Football à la Mode, 191
Foreign to Our Habits, 250
Free—but not Easy, 193
French and German Romanticists, 185
French Art with Sauce Hollandaise, 165
Froude's Novel, 204
Full and Complete Guide to the Exposition (A), 317
GIVING them their Characters, 72
Gleanings from Galleries, 173
Glorious Spin after a July Rabbit (A), 73
"Good-bye, Sweetheart, Good-bye!" 63
Good News for Ghosts, 46
Good Resolutions for 1889, 2
Good Shilling's-worth (A), 48
Good Wood! 129
Goose and Gander, 80
Graceful Farewell (A), 26
Grand Old "Mandolinist" (The), 21
Grand Tour à la Mode (The), 194
Grand Transformation Scene, 30
"HANDS All Round!" 156
Happy Thought, 284
"Hands Off!" 62
Hard Training, 37
Hardy Suckers, 45
Harmless Necessary Cat (The), 235
Harmonious Proceedings, 59
Hastie Judgment (A), 198
Hazard of the Dye (The), 189
Headquarters of Journalism (The), 159
Help for Yelpers, 70
Hercules Furens, 74
Hint from Cloudland (A), 75
His First Appearance, 6
H.M.S. "Calliope," 205
Holes and Cornerers, 297
Home Rule—and After? 216
Hook and Line, 307
Horrors of Eviction (The), 21
How London was Defended, 41
How the Poor Live, 33
Hymen Hymenæa! 248
IMPERIAL Defence, 219
Important European Questions, 177
Impromptu Armament (The), 96
"In a Pickwickian Sense," 147
Infant Roscii, 245
In Globo, 221
In Memoriam—John Bright, 169
In Memoriam Rose, 222
In Memoriam to the Board of Works, 149
Insurance and Irony, 260
In their Easter Eggs, 203
In the Name of the Profit—Posters! 197
In the "Sunny South," 96
"Is Chivalry Possible?" 119
Is it Peace? 18
JOKER'S Diary, 267
KING Coal's Defence, 156
LADIES and Logic, 284
Lady Macbeth Puzzle (The), 6
La France's Lament, 98
Lambs at the Lyceum, 33
Last of Them (The), 69
Latest Thibetting (The), 49
La Vie à la Roose, 274
Law Courtesy, 201
Lay of the Lady Canvasser (The), 141
"Le Cricquette," 282
"Le Foote-balle," 308
"Let me like a Soldier fall!" 219
Letter Perfect, 287
Light and Frivolous, 161
Limits of Taxation (The), 256
Lines Suggested by an Elector, 72
Literal Lyrics, 48
Literary Ladies' Dinner (The), 296
Little Flirt's Letter (The), 112
Little Rosebery's Song, 26
Loafer's Avowal (A), 57
London County Councils! 78
Lord Duffering at the Manshun House, 294
Lowering the Standard, 22
MAMMONITE Thrift! 86
Marius-Shaw amidst the Ruins of London, 14
Meathropolitan Improvements, 189
Mems. for a County Councillor, 18
Mems. for the New Year, 3
Middle-Aged Masters at the Grosvenor, 48
Moan of the Monstrosity (The), 12
Moans at a Matinée, 105
Modern Pursuit of Pleasure (The), 298
Modest Maharajah (A), 184
"Modus Operandi," 249, 261, 270, &c.
More Disclaimers, 143
Most Appropriate, 248
Mr. Boulanger as "General Buonaparte," 66
Mr. Midshipman Un-Easy, 128
Mr. Punch in Paris, 314
Mr. Punch's Model Music-Hall Songs, 149, 181, 208, &c.
Mr. Punch's Private View of the Royal Academy, 223
Mudford, Awake! 38
Musical Note of Admiration, 173
Music of the Future, 14
Mysterious Pipe (The), 177
Mystery (A), 169
NAGS' Tale (The), 89
Naples Journal-ist (A), 4
Naturally, 63
Naval Intelligence—up to Date, 290
(Nearly) Perfect Englishman (The), 72
Neck or Nothing, 84
Neglected Foundling (The), 238
Nemesis, 123
New Art Bart. (The), 261
New English Art Club (The), 184
New Work on an Old Subject, 228
New Year's Resolutions, 1
"No Love Lost!" 149
Nomenclature, 191
Notes on the Play, 145
Not Quite Write, 77
Not Sweet on It, 234
Now and Then, 113
"Now, Sir!" 135
ODE to Four o'Clock! 248
Offer of the Olive-Branch (The), 246
Official Exercise (An), 165
On a Current Controversy, 107
On a Statesman's Voice, 88
On Commission, 100, 109, 121, &c.
Original Stock, 153
Osprey and the Eagles (The), 122
Our Advertisers, 29
Our Agitant-General's Diary, 255
Our Booking-Office, 12, 22, 25, &c.
Our In-Subordinates, 292
Our Own Hare, 209
Our Special Musical Critic, 244
Our Untired Spokesman, 30
Outside the Globe, 267
Overture (The), 221
PACIFIC Lay (A), 308
Painter-Etchers in Pall-Mall, 120
Parks Nobiscum, 248
Patching the "Palladium," 102
Paterfamilias Loquitur, 61
Patriotism à la Mode, 294
Pharisee's Sunday (The), 174
Phelps's Farewell, 59
Philosophic Reflection for Impatient Patriots (A), 134
"Penny for your Thoughts" (A), 137
Persian Puzzles, 307
Personal Answer (A), 81
Per-Varsity, 224
Petites Bouchées de Bushey, 269

Pickwick Symphony (The), 76
Pieces with Honours, 249, 260
Pigeons and Crows, 82
Play-time, 28, 40, 64, &c.
Politics for School-girls, 87
"Polydore, hark!" 210
"Poor little Bill!" 250
Posterity on the Pipes, 204
President's Message in a Nutshell (The), 129
Pro and Con., 183
Promotion and Speculation, 238
Prospect and Retrospect, 201
Prospect of Peace (A), 36
Protest (A), 13
Puck among the Pictures, 298
Puffs by the Trade Winds, 250
Purely Personal—an Evening Out, 259
Q. E. D., 17
Questionable Questions, 60
Question for the New Year (A), 10
RATHER Childish! 57
Rational Dress Movement, 243
Reala, 111
Regina ad Etonam, 248
Re—The Table and Bench Question, 297
Revolvers and Robbers, 60
Richard himself again, 157
Robert on Rates, 260
Robert on the County Council, 34
Robert on the Derby, 281
Robert's Bold Experiment, 77
Robert with the County Councillors, 89
Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours (The), 216
Rule, Britannia! 141
Rule of the Ring (The), 108
Rule of the Rod (The), 29
Rumination (A), 198
Running Account with the French (A), 131
SANDY takes the Floor, 258
Service for Veterans, 59
S. G. O., 235
Shah's Holiday (The), 202
Shakspeare in Town, 15
Shakspearian, 205
Shoulder to Shoulder, and Heart to Art, 168
Signs of the "Times" and "Standard," 207
"Sizing," 271
Slow—but not Sure, 42
Solatium, 259
Somebody's Letter-Bag, 213
Some Candid Candidates, 27
Song after Lamplight (A), 177
Song before Sunrise (A), 147
Song of Street Barriers (A), 181
Song of the Black Sheep, 150
Song of the New Ships (A), 188
Spirit of Speculation (The), 50
Sporting Intelligence, 84, 157
"Spring's Delights," 144
"Squeeze of 86" (The), 161
Staggered Stipendiary (The), 253
Steaming at High Pressure, 223
"Still Waters run Deep," 47
Stories of the Past, 49
Stories of the Weird and the Wonderful, 37
Suburban Love-Song, 241
"Sugar!" 222
Suggestion for the Foggy Weather, 29
Suggestions to an Editor, 11
Superstition at St. Stephen's, 193
Supply and Demand, 27
TAKEN to Pieces, 6
Tales of a Traveller, 205
Telephonic Talk, 198
"That Lovely Night in June!" 271
Theme with Variations, 1
There and Back, 195
Those Happy Japs! 94
Thoughts, 12
Thoughts in a Garden, 213
Tips to the Two Sides, 125
Tip to Termagants, 234
To a Haggis, 182
To a Male Scold, 21
To a Thoughtful Lady, 5
To Blatant Boanerges, 42
To Calais and Back by Pen and Pencil, 285
To Chloe, 87
Tommy's Turk, 45
To Mr. Phelps, 38
To Our Ædiles! 157
To the New American Minister, 259
"To the West!" 284
To whom it Concerns, 262
Triumphal Car-man (The), 208
Tropical Weather, 262
Turbot's Diary (The) 25
Two Centenaries, 219
Two First Lion Comiques of the Season (The), 208
Two Little (Mrs. John) Wooden Shoes, 10
UNAPPRECIATED Genius (An), 253
Uninvited Guest (The), 210
Unreefed Canvas, 165
Up! Up! 247
Use of Mice in Politics (The), 131
VALENTINE (A), 31
Very Civil Law, 92
Very Early Spring, 99
Very much on Guard, 63
Very O. U. D.-acious! 114
Very Shadowy Grievance (A), 52
Vicar of ——? (A), 131
Vi et Armis, 137
Voces Populi, 323
"WAIT for the Waggon!" 257
Waterloo, 101
Weather Wail (A), 97
Well-Earned Testimonial (A), 137
"Westward Ho!" 290
"What, go you toward the Tower?" 323
What Mr. Punch's Moon Saw, 28, 40, 53, &c.
What Next? 113
What they're Doing with Him, 267
What will they Do with Them? 217
Where is Wonderland? 36
Whitehall Cantata (A), 126
Wig and Gown, 186
"Won in a Canter!" 279
YACHTING for the Prostrate, 84
Yankee Notions, 307

LARGE ENGRAVINGS.

BEWILDERED Butler (The), 151
Brother Jonathan's Brotherhood, 55
Difficulty Solved (A), 263
Easter Holiday (An), 187
First Witness (The), 199
"Flourish of Trumpets!" (A), 91
Government Big Gun (The), 139
"Grand Transformation"!! (The), 31
John Bright, 163
Lasting Impressions, 218, 219
London County Councils! or, "The Same Old Game!" 79
Mr. Boulanger as "General Buonaparte," 67
Nailed to the Mast! 127
Neglected Foundling (The), 239
Patching the "Palladium," 103
Peace (?), 1889, 19
Penance! 115
"Poor Little Bill!" 251
Shah's Holiday (The), 303
Slow—but not Sure, 43
"Sugar!" 227
Sunday à la Pharisee, 175
Taking It Easy, &c., 325
Time's "Annual," 7
Uninvited Guest (The), 211
"Westward Ho!" or, His Little Holiday, 291
"Won in a Canter!" 276, 277

SMALL ENGRAVINGS.

AFRICAN Cigarettes for his Mother-in-law, 294
Angelina's Cure for Sweating System, 162
Archbishop Walsh's Olive Branch, 246
Architect and the Squire (The), 59
'Arry and the Garçon, 229
Automatic Policeman (The), 208
Balfour on his Battering-Ram, 193
Base-Ball Playing, 159
Beasts, the Birds, and the Bat (The), 170
Bismarck Piping to the Reptile Press, 36
Blind Man and Jones in a Fog, 16
Boulanger Flying-Fish (The), 173
Bowser's Employment on the Press, 99
Britannia's Instructions to Vulcan, 254
Captain Highway's Hunter, 45
Cautious Hunting-Man and Ditch, 96
Chairman after L. C. C. Meeting, 172
Chaplin parts with "Protection," 63
Christening Marks on Boy's Arm, 223
Churchill and Chamberlain's Boxing-Match, 206
City Man and Clerk Fishing, 179
College Principal's English (A), 155
Compliments in Court, 299
Conservatives below the Gangway, 142
Court-yard of the Grand Hotel, 316
Davis's Inability to Blow the Organ, 61
Declining to Stay to Dinner, 13
Depressed Artist and Hopeful Wife, 222
Dinner in Paris (the), 331
Disappointed Hostess welcoming Bores, 6
Disappointed Lady and State Ball List, 279
Dismounting in a Ploughed Field, 213
Doctor and Married Rustic Patient, 22
Dog Fashions for 1889, 42
Drawing-Room Boxing-Match (A), 238
Drawing the Human Foot, 165
Editor asks his Bride for a Kiss, 70
Elephant and the Eel (The), 146
Equestrian Contrasts, 57, 69
Equestrian's Slipping Saddle (An), 241
Ex-King Milan Personally Conducted, 194
Fancy Fair in Westminster Hall, 266
France and the Image-breakers, 98
"Frightful Creatures"—Heraldry in Parliament, 273
Gladstone as a Neapolitan Mandolinist, 21
G. O. M.'s Lesson at Monte Carlo, 101
Grosvenor Gallery Gems, 242
Guerilla Warfare in the House, 154
Harmony in London Smut (A), 78
Hercules Bismarck and Geffcken, 74
Horse "Looks before he Leaps," 9
Horse that is "Clever with Hounds," 105
Hunting Lady at a Closed Gate, 81
Impecunious Lodger's I. O. U. (An), 87
Indignant Citizen's Increased Rates, 259
Irish Butler and the Best Claret, 284
Irishman's Sound Teeth (An), 153
Jockey Club in Court (The), 306
Jones and a Crowd of Duchesses, 90
Jones and his Type-writer, 27
Jones's Buck-jumping Horse in Park, 265
Keeping a Vicarage, 210
Ladies—Semi-detached Neighbours, 290
Lady Eiffel Tourist Guides, 295
Lady Godiva and High Dresses, 73
Latest Valse Dancing (The), 186
Little Fireater and the Horsewhip, 143
Little Miss Parliament's Dream her Twelfth-Night Characters, 23
Little Rosebery, the Crossing-Sweeper, 26
Lizzie's Little Dining-Room, 75
Lobby of the House (The), 230
London's County-Council Dream, 58
London County Council Meeting (A), 214
Lord Mayor and Volunteer Equipment, 286
Lover's Excuse not a Reason (A), 271
Lushai Expedition (The), 65
Macbeth at the Lyceum, 15
"Macwhuskey" visits his English Friends, 114
Madame France and Le Duc d'Aumale, 134
Marius-Shaw amidst London's Ruins, 14
Marvellous Dinner (A), 314
Masher and the Ancient Chaperons, 126
Mashers at Monte Carlo, 147
Meeting of Parliamentary Gods, 95
Meeting of London County Council, 106
Militia Officer and New Recruit, 131
Ministerialists Listening to G. O. M., 118
Miss Green and the Parson's Sermons, 107
Miss Letitia Cox on "Chivalry," 159
Mister Beer and Lord Champagne, 201
Mob watching Descending Parachute, 298
Modern Youth and Modern Literature, 47
M.P. who takes Plenty of Rest (An), 287
Mr. Brown's Sisters have Bad Colds, 66
Mr. Mansfield as Richard the Third, 177
Mr. Punch and John Bull's New Diary, 2
Mr. Punch and Mr. Smith on Infantile Insurance, 86
Mr. Punch and the Armed Police, 25
Mr. Punch as a Beefeater, 161
Mr. Punch's Notes of the Months, 38, 110, 158, 218, 272
Mr. Punch visits Paris, 318
Mr. Rosebery and L.C.C. at the Derby, 280
Mr. W. H. Smith at Monte Carlo, 72
Musical Notes, 249, 257
Naughty Little Michael, 89
Nephew and Inebriated Uncle, 119
Nervous Bridegroom and his Bride, 46
New Halléry Gallery Pictures, 254
New Readings of Macbeth, 35
Not Baby's Grandmamma! 281
Nupkins on Nightingale and Cuckoo, 307
Old Gent practising Skating, 54
Old Gent who has Missed a Train, 195
On Visiting but not Speaking Terms, 171
Opposition Listening to Balfour, 190
Osprey and the Eagles (The), 122
Our Artist and his Old Friend, 183
Parliamentary Canvasser and Elector's Baby, 188
Parliamentary Steeplechase (The), 178
Parnell Master of the Situation, 166
Past and Present Art Meeting, 71
Patient at Sick Doctor's Bedside, 30
Philanthropist and Juvenile Vagrant, 207
Picture as a Wedding Present (A), 111
Portrait of M. Eiffel, 324
Prince of Wales and Imperial Institute, 137
Pull Floquet! Pull Boulanger! 33
Punch and Figaro, 317
Punch and Toby at Football, 1
Putting Visitor's Hat into a Cabinet, 270
Q.C.'s Sitting on a Celebrated Case, 296
Railway Carriage—en Route, 315
Rector's Wife and the Soirée, 34
Result of Our Artist Caricaturing Pictures, 247
Riding with Snaffle, Curb, or Saddle, 117
Riding with Spurs in One's Pocket, 305
Right Hon. Arthur Golfour, M.P., 243
Rosebery and the C.C. Paul Pry, 295
Rough Sketch of the Opposition below the Gangway, 190
Royal Academy Pictures, 223—226
Royal Commission (The), 202
Saxon Fisherman at an Irish Fishery, 203
School-Board and the Pantomime Children, 83
Scotch Local Government Haggis, 182
Scotch Local Government Piper, 258
Seeing the Last of a Friend, 51
Shakspeare on the Streets, 49
Short Gent's Attempt to Reach the Gas, 3
Sir John Millais on National Portraits, 215
Small Picture with Large Margin, 231
Smith and Brown at Hairdresser's, 167
Speaker prepares for the Sitting, 309
Special Commissioners at the Derby, 289
"Speed the Plough," 311
Spirit of Speculation (The), 50
Squire Bluenose's Private Road, 262
Stable Companions, 285
Stock Exchange Men and Gambling Clubs, 245
Street Rough and Lady's Little Dog, 94
Study on the Thames (A), 288
Suitors of Samoa (The), 62
Supporting Weights and Measures Bill, 255
Tailor named Flaxman (A), 219
Toby, M.P., drinks to Absent Friends, 11
Tommy and the French Nurse, 174
Tommy's Choice—Pony or Calf? 229
Tommy's Dream of a Mammoth, 102
Too Late to alter Lady's Name 235
To Paris in 1889, 323
Tourists flying to the Tower, 322
Two Invitations to Waltz, 302
Two Irishmen in Belgian Café, 191
Two Lines of Descent, 312
Waiter ordering up Gorgonzola, 82
What he Ought to get for his Picture, 135
Why Smithers won't Take the Pledge, 123
"Wolf at the Door" (The), 267
Young Lady at Riding-School, 198
Young Masham at a Scientific Conversazione, 18

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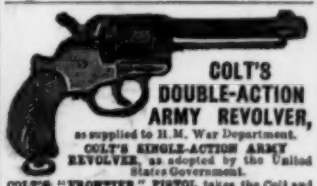

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